

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO.

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Situations, Wants, Rental and other small advertisements, one cent a word each insertion. Five cents a word for a full week (seven times).

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Discounts—On two inches or more, one month and over, 10 per cent; on four inches or more, one month and over, 15 per cent.

Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

J. Sloat Fassett is authority for the statement that over 100,000 citizens of New York purposely refrain from voting in order to keep their names off the polling lists from which jury lists are made up.

The Swiss Bundesrath is urging the construction of an electric railroad to the very summit of the famous Jungfrau. It is proposed to operate the road by power to be obtained from the Grindelwald glacier or from the water of the Tunnel river.

Bills introduced in the Minnesota senate last week made the master and mistress of the house individually liable for the hired girl's wages, and permit Bridget to levy on the household furniture or any other personal property in sight, the exemption laws being repealed as far as she is concerned.

The temperance question has many sides. There have been more arrests for drunkenness in Philadelphia relatively to population with 1,500 saloons under high license than there used to be a few years ago when 5,000 saloons were going under low license. The prohibitionists are getting great comfort from the fact.

Some time ago the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, discovered that its death rate from typhoid fever was higher than that of any other town in New England. After an investigation of the cause the water supply of the place was filtered through sand, and the mortality from the disease has fallen from 43 to 8 in six months.

In the banner country of West Australia, where men are madly flocking in search of gold, the temperature is said to be 120 in the shade and no adequate water supply. There is such a boom in the price of claims that only rich men can buy them, and numerous rich men are there enduring all the hardships with the hope of growing richer.

A new process for extracting gold from ore by means of bromine has been devised by Herr Larsen. The difficulty hitherto has been the cost. A solution of bromide of potassium is electrolysed, giving an alkaline solution, containing hypobromide and bromate which is capable of dissolving gold. The ore is treated with excess of this solution by rotating cylinders, the solution is then filtered, the gold precipitated by passing it over a mixture of iron and coal, and the solution, which now consists once more mainly of potassium bromide, is used again.

When is a bushel a bushel? The onion-growing farmers of Massachusetts have a grievance, because the legislature by some blunder in 1894 decreed that the weight of a bushel of onions should be fifty-seven pounds, whereas in most States the legal weight is fifty-two pounds. The result is that the denizens of other States can come into Massachusetts and buy bushels of onions weighing fifty-seven pounds each, carry them home and take out five pounds from a bushel, and still sell them at the bushel price. Naturally a Massachusetts bushel of onions is worth more than a New York or Rhode Island bushel, but a bushel is a bushel and the Massachusetts farmers rightly think that they are liable to be cheated.

Although the reports concerning the size of the Argentine wheat crop are still rather indefinite, it appears to be settled that the output is considerably less than that of last year. We referred three weeks ago to dispatches which indicated a reduction of about one-third. The reduction may not be so great as that, but the London authorities are quite confident that the exports from the new crop cannot exceed 40,000,000 bushels, as against 55,000,000 from the crop of last year. This unexpected decrease has had no perceptible effect upon prices, which have not advanced, but have declined recently, chiefly on account of the enormous visible supplies in this country and the sale of large quantities which had been held for an advance, in California.

The older a man is when he gets married the sooner he commences taking his lunch at noon down town.—Aitchison Globe.

TROUBLESOME LOBBYISTS.

The lobby is hard to deal with even when it is called a legislative agency and is registered. The people of Massachusetts thought they had the lobby where they wanted it when the law regulating and restricting it was made. But it has been discovered that something more is needed. It has been found necessary to exclude "legislative agents" from the reading room and the floor of the senate chamber for half an hour before the session opens and half an hour after it closes. The rules of the senate had always extended a hospitable welcome to ex-members. They have been included in the list of persons privileged to loaf in the reading room or enter uninvited to the floor of the senate when that body is in session. A few ex-senators have become "legislative agents," and in order to deny them the privileges of the senate it is proposed to keep out during the session all former members of the upper branch, as well as others. The resolution which has been passed says that no person who is acting as legislative counsel or agent shall be admitted to the floor of the senate chamber during the sessions of the senate and within the half hour preceding and succeeding its sessions, except upon the introduction of a senator by card of invitation at the time of such admission; no person, except members of the legislative and executive departments of the State government, persons in the exercise of official duty directly connected with the business of the senate, and legislative reporters, shall be permitted to remain in the room intervening between the clerk's room and the senate chamber at any time.

Perhaps the next thing will be a rule keeping the "legislative agents" out of any part of the State house. And even then, we suppose, they would manage to do their work.

A CHANCE FOR THE REGISTER.

We did not see any invitation in the Register last evening to "call Yale names." We looked for it, thinking that perhaps the Register might have noticed what cropped out in the City court yesterday. Of course we should not have accepted the invitation had there been one, but we may, perhaps, without impropriety, call attention to an occurrence which the Register, busy in its herculean efforts to straighten out the finances of this country and to regulate the affairs of other countries, appears to have passed lightly by. And in calling attention to it we shall use the chaste and delicate language of the faithful and discreet policeman who took part in the affair. These policemen testified that they saw two "young ladies" in room 45 of the magnificent Vanderbilt Hall; that the "young ladies" stayed there from about 1 a. m. until about 4 a. m. and that when the "two young ladies" came out of the palace they were arrested for being drunk. How "young ladies" could be drunk does not appear, but the careful and polite policeman said they were. They also said that "a young gentleman" was with the "young ladies." The "young gentleman" was not arrested, and so it is perhaps fair to assume that he was not in the same frame of mind and body that the "two young ladies" were. If he was the policeman were discriminating as well as careful and polite.

We do not invite the Register to "call Yale names," as it invited us to do the other day. We do not want to see or hear anybody call Yale names. But it would be mildly refreshing to see and hear some things that are done by "young gentlemen" of Yale occasionally and publicly called by their right names. Perhaps if the Register wants to be mildly refreshing it will rest for a minute from mightily and furiously kicking the earth around like a football and say a word that needs to be said.

A PRETTY NEST.

It really does seem as if the government of this great, glorious and comparatively free country might at least set about collecting in a legal way a tax whose legality is questioned. The president has signed the urgency deficiency bill carrying an appropriation for the collection of the income tax. The senate receded from Senator Hill's amendment, aimed at the illegal treasury regulations and interrogatories, before passing the appropriation. In the debate preceding the vote to recede, some new examples of unlawful questioning in the income tax forms were brought to light. For instance, the law nowhere provides that a man shall be obliged to disclose his wife's income, but under the regulations he is expected to do so. Other unlawful requirements were pointed out during the discussion, and the need of correcting the interrogatories was pressed upon the attention of the senators who defended the tax and the methods of enforcement. Senator Chandler said: "For my own part, rather than send out these blanks, which are clearly illegal and atrocious, I should certainly be willing, and I have no doubt the senator from Ohio would be, to contribute to print newer and better forms of returns, which would be in accordance with law and common sense."

According to a statement made by Senator Brice, the commissioners of internal revenue refused to correct the interrogatories on the ground of cost, while expressing the belief that those

not warranted would not be answered, and proper corrections would be made in the papers to be published in future. This is pretty small business for a big government or, rather, for the government of a big country. These illegal, imperfect and misleading interrogatories will soon be thrust into the faces of the people who are to be subjected to the outrageous income tax, and if they are not answered the persons refusing will be liable to the prosecution of the tax-gatherer, who still has the power of the federal government at his back, however illegally that government may have proceeded in this matter.

FASHION NOTES.

No Two Capes Need be Alike.

It seems as capes break out into new varieties every month. The possible combinations are as inexhaustible as are the purses that supply them. One may have a double cape that starts on a toboggan, right from collar to the tip of its hem at the wearer's knuckles—that is, it will be at the knuckles if the arms are well spread out. The upper cape comes to the shoulders, but it makes one line with the lower. Such a garment is prettiest in melon or other smooth cloth, of either light oyster gray, tan or gray, heavily braided at the edge of both capes. A few are shown in dark blue or black, ornamented with jetted braid or bullion. For finish at the neck there is a little velvet collar.

A more sedate cape is also double, the top one coming to the tips of the fingers



and the other nearly to the knees. It fits well over the shoulders and hangs in soft folds from them with practically no flare. It is finished at the neck with a bell collar, which may stand high about the ears or lie flat, as you choose. This sort comes in all dark and heavy cloths, and is ornamented with cut-out cloth, or left quite plain with uncut edges. It is frequently made of double faced stuff and left unlined. Such a cape is handsome for a young matron.

As hinted above, description of different sorts could go on almost interminably, but the one that the artist sketches demands attention. It is of the butterfly order, of dahlia velours, made so short as to barely cover the shoulders. Trimmed back and front with jet embroidery, it is edged with an accordion pleated ruffle put on with a rose running, and is finished with a black satin collar garnished at each side with black ostrich plumes. Hanging from the collar are two long ends of black satin ribbon. The garment is lined with rose pink watered silk.

FLORETTE.

To S. C.

I heard the pulse of the beseeching sea. Throb far away all night. I heard the wind Fly crying and convulse tumultuous palms. I rose and strolled. The Isle was all bright sand, And flailing fans and shadows of the palm; The heaven all moon and wind and the blind vault; The keenest planet slain, for Venus slept. The king, my neighbor, with his host of slaves Slept in the precinct of the palisade; Where single, in the wind, under the moon, Among the slumbering cabins, blazed a fire. The street lamp and the only sentinel. To other lands and nights my fancy turned— To London first, and chiefly to your house, The many-pillared and the well-beloved. There yearning fancy lightens there again. In the upper room I lay, and heard far off The unsleeping city murmur like a shell; The muffled tramp of the Museum guard. Once more went by me; I beheld again Lamps, vainly brightening the despoiled street. Again I longed for the returning morn, The awaking traffic, the bestirring birds. The contemporaneous trill of tiny song That weaves round monumental cornices. A passing charm of beauty, Most of all, For your slight foot I wearied, and your knock That was the glad reveille of my day. Lo, now, when to your task in the great house At morning through the portico you pass, One moment glance, where by the pillared wall, Far-voyaging island gods, begrimed with smoke, Sit now unworshipped, the rude monument.

Of faiths forgot and races undivided; Sit now disconsolate, remembering well The priest, the victim, and the songful crowd, The blaze of the blue noon, and that huge voice Incessant, of the breakers on the shore. As far as these from the ancestral shrine, So far, so foreign, your divided friends Wander, estranged in body, not in mind. The tropics vanish, and meadows that

From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir, Or steeply Carleton, dreaming gaze again. Far set in fields and woods, the town I see Spring gallant from the shallows of her smoke, Craggs'd, spiraled and turreted, her virgin fort Befrags'd. About, on seaward drooping hills, New folds of city glitter. Last, the Earth Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles, And populous life smokes with a score of towns.

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill, Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead, My dead, the ready and the strong of word.

Their works, the salt-encrusted, still survive; The sea bombards their founded tower; The night plerced with their strong lamps. The artificers.

One after one, here in this grated cell, Where the rain craves and the rust consumes, And continental oceans intervene; A sea uncharted, on a lampless isle, Envoirs and confines their wandering child.

In vain. The voices of generations dead Summons me, sitting distant, to arise, My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace, And all mutation over, stretch me down In that denoted city of the dead.

—R. L. Stevenson in Longman's Magazine, Isle of Apenama.

STATIONERY.

She—Do you keep stationery? Drug Clerk—Only when I'm asleep.—Chicago Record.

Prisoner—Your Honor, this policeman struck me. New York Magistrate—For how much?—Washington Star.

The fin-de-siècle lover put it thus: "I love the very ground Miss Bloomer wheels over."—Yonkers Statesman.

Oh, what a fickle, changin' thing This winter weather is!

It blew, an' 'sneezed, an' then it threw, And now, by jing, it's tris.

—Washington Star.

Bunker—I paid fifty cents to have my hat fixed this morning. Hill—I put mine on and went into the kitchen to discharge the cook this morning and got mine ironed for nothing.—Clothes and Furnisher.

"Oh, papa, who is that ragged man?" "That, my son, is the great composer of grand operas." "And who is that fine looking gentleman with such good clothes?" "That's the man who wrote the latest popular song, 'Never Let Your Mother Carry Up the Coal'."—Tid-Bits.

Watts—What made you give that hat a time? You know almost to a certainty that he is not deserving. Potts—That is the reason I gave it to him. There is no real charity in giving money to the deserving. It is merely a cold-blooded performance of duty.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Hayseed (in the stock exchange)—Good lands! I never heard such a racket. How do folks think in all this noise? Mr. Hayseed—Think! They don't try to think. They just buy and sell like mad for a few hours, and then go home to figure up to see if they are rich or ruined.—New York Weekly.

"I have finished that article you told me to write, urging that scheme of yours, sir," said the assistant to the editor. "Have you put in all the arguments in its favor that you can think of?" "Yes, sir." "Then add that 'other considerations will readily suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader,' and let it go at that."—Puck.

Dashaway You believe in the efficacy of exorcism. But suppose a chicken from your neighbor's yard should hop by your kitchen door and you should get down on your knees, do you think your prayer would be answered? Uncle Ebony—I most sartly do, sah. But in dat case, sah, I should sprinkle a few grains of co'n on the step.—Life.

EARLY DAYS OF DRUMMING.

Tales of the Times When Canal Boats Were the Best Means of Transportation.

(From the Boston Daily Globe.)

"I believe I was the first drummer who went west from New England," said John B. Curtis of the firm of Curtis & Son, "and I am very sure that I was one of the first. I made my first long western trip forty-four years ago, and I've just returned from a trip that took me to the Pacific coast."

"I sometimes wonder, when I meet the busy pushing drummers of to-day, the men who are used to rapid traveling, the best of hotels and good living generally, if sometimes wonder what they would do if they were suddenly put back and made to do as we had to fifty years ago or a little less. Some of the poorest of them would give up their job, but I think that the rest would stick to it and make a success of the business just as we did in those days."

"Nearly fifty years ago when the business of selling goods by samples was in its infancy, and when the drummer had just been discovered, we were compelled to make slow trips and, of course, not many of them in a year. Then it took about three weeks to go from Portland to Chicago, and dealers ordered goods enough to last six months. Then the drummer had to endure many privations, but we were a hardy set, and were content with a little, that is, if we could get plenty of orders. The villages were miles and miles apart then, and yet we in some way felt the coming commercial importance of many of them, and knew that we must keep in with the men who were trying to build up a trade under what seemed many times to be disheartening circumstances."

"I have passed hundreds of nights camping out when on long trips, with only a blanket for a covering and the ground for a bed. We, who drummed trade in the west in behalf of eastern houses, didn't mind that, but we did object to the rattlesnakes sometimes. It didn't pay to have them get too familiar. We were happy when we could travel by canal boat or by steamboat, but the dreadful western stages were what tried our patience."

"Time and time again, but for the fact that my samples and baggage had to be carried, I should have preferred

to walk, and could have beaten the stages under ordinary circumstances. Many times I did walk, but it was beside the stage, with a rail on my shoulder, ready to help pry the stage itself out of the mud.

"In those days canals were the best. The canal boats would make from two to three miles an hour, but if the time was long, the stories told by the captain and passengers were commonly good; the beds were bunks, but they fed us well, that is, as things went then."

"Of course, the ordinary every day meal of the drummer of to-day, the meal he's inclined to grumble at, would have seemed a Thanksgiving feast to us. We expected 'little, and commonly got exactly that. Still, as I said, we were content, and even happy, if only business was good."

"The drummers of to-day won't see the startling changes we have seen, who began back nearly fifty years ago. Of course, the old time drummers who traveled in New England saw less of the rough and tumble of life than we who went west, and who struck out boldly for trading posts, that we were destined in many cases to see grow to be great cities. Still I never went through any of the thrilling experiences people tell of as a part of their life then, and I am inclined to think that adventures come to those who seek for them."

"We made long trips in those days, longer than most drummers would think of taking now, for then one man had to do all he could, and cover as much ground as possible. Forty-three years ago I went from Portland to New York, then by canal to Philadelphia, from there to Pittsburgh by canal, from there to St. Louis by boat, down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, and from St. Louis to St. Paul by boat."

"In those days St. Paul was but a trading post. There were a few business houses, but I saw a sight then that no man will ever see there again. It seemed to me that there were at least 1,000 Indians at the post trading their furs. They brought them in curiously constructed ox carts, made with the use of a scrap of iron, the wheels a section of a tree, and drawn by one ox linked to the other. They were a drunken crowd, all but a few, who seemed to be a committee appointed to keep sober, and see to it that the others were not cheated. Sometimes the crowd would give a yell that fairly seemed to take the roof off."

"I went then to the Falls of St. Anthony, and looked at the surroundings. Where Minneapolis now stands there was not a single building. When I was there last I went to the falls, and, as I looked at the great cities, I wondered if it was possible that I could have been there before they were built. It seems strange and almost past comprehension, that my business career could have antedated those cities, and even the commercial importance of Chicago itself; but so it is, and I am still a vigorous man."

"You spoke of having visited Chicago forty-four years ago, Mr. Curtis. What sort of a place was it then?"

"Then there was but one railroad, a small local affair, rather contemptuously called the milk route. I went there from Buffalo by boat, and was five days on the way, and, in fact, we drummers had that system on the route from St. Louis to St. Paul and along the canals," replied Mr. Curtis.

"I reached Chicago at night and put up at a wooden hotel on Lake street, near where the Tremont house now stands."

"In those days Chicago had but few brick buildings, and the wooden ones were seldom more than two stories high. In fact, I am unable to recall a single building more than two stories high. There was not a sidewalk, except on Lake street, and that was of wood, and the water came up through with almost every street. Steamboats and stages brought people there, and about the most interesting sight was old Fort Dearborn, with doors and log sides pierced with balls. There was not a foot of paved street in all Chicago when I first struck the place, and yet even

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TWO DOLLARS.

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ONE DOLLAR.

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House Coats,

English Long Gowns and

English Mufflers,

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then—and it was the time of small things—there was that same belief in Chicago and that same dash and push that you see now in that great city. Then the best hotel in Chicago was only a poor affair, kept in country style, and able to accommodate but a few guests.

"The drummers of to-day are bright fellows, but I can't help thinking if we had slower trade, we had better times in the days when we thought three miles an hour by canal boat good time, and were content to trudge along behind a stage coach, and not say a word if only our samples were taken through in safety."

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TuThSa 8m

AUCTION SALES.

ON Monday, February 4, 1895, at 12 o'clock noon, on premises, if not previously sold at private sale, the following real estate belonging to estate of James A. Wood, deceased, terms made known at time of sale: The two family house, No. 373 Washington street, nearly new and containing ten rooms with all modern improvements; the two family house, No. 371 Washington street, containing ten rooms, water and water closets on each floor, all connected with sewer; also at one o'clock, building lot, 88 feet front by 150 deep, on Greenwich avenue, head of Third street. For further particulars enquire of A. H. Moulton, administrator, or

J. H. KEEFE, auctioneer, Exchange Building.

ja28 7c

E. R. JEFFCOTT

ANNOUNCES to the public that all of his Painting and Decorating business will be carried on hereafter at and from No. 123 Church street, where he will be pleased to receive his decorative suggestions to show the finest decorations and Wall Papers as yet shown to the public, also neat designs and effects in cheap Wall Papers.

Between Church street and Public Library. Telephone 244-6.

ja28 7c

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, January 29, 1895.

ESTATE OF GEORGE H. BURGESS, of New Haven, ss. said district, insolvent debtor.

The trustee represents the estate insolvent, and prays the appointment of commissioners thereon.

ORDERED—That the commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of said estate be appointed at a Court of Probate to be held at New Haven, within and for the district of New Haven, on the 4th day of February, 1895, at ten o'clock, forenoon, of which all persons in interest will take notice, and appear, if they see cause, and be heard thereon.

LIVINGSTON W. CLEVELAND, Judge.

ja28 7c

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